

THE ONLY THING THAT COUNTS

(BY CAROLYN BEECHER.)

CHAPTER XLVII.

For several minutes after Lanning stopped reading neither spoke. Then he said:

"You don't believe that, do you, Helen?"

"Believe what?" Her mind had wandered, she had forgotten him for the moment. It was almost time for Adele to come in.

"That a woman has the right to keep anything in her life from the man who loves her?"

"Yes—I think I do—if it would hurt him—and make for her unhappiness," Helen answered hesitatingly.

"You say if it would hurt him. No man that loves but will forgive—if he is not deceived."

"Had he been looking he would have seen Helen cringe, but his eyes were fastened on the paragraph he had just read."

"You mean that men will forgive anything but deceit?" she queried.

"Yes, when they love. Suppose a woman, a girl, has done something so really good or womanly or girlly that she does it from a sort of desperation with life, a recklessness that has come to her because of the failure she has made of her life—would any man forgive her, want to marry her when he knew?"

"That's the story!" Lanning nodded toward the pile of typed pages on her desk. "I must read it." He reached out his hand to take up the loose sheets.

"That is my idea for the story. It isn't finished," Helen laid her hand on the papers. "Don't read it. Talk to me instead. You haven't answered my question."

"I don't know that I can answer it. One would have to know what the wrong had been, the motives that led

to the doing. But love, real love, forgives much."

"Is not a man always jealous of a woman's past, no matter how much he loves her? Would he not be always thinking of what she had done and been instead of what she now did and was? And the greater his love—the more this knowledge would hurt him, the harder it would be for him to forgive?"

"I thought we were talking of forgiveness."

"You are begging the question. Could any woman be happy, knowing that although she was loved, although she had been forgiven, the thought of her wrong-doing, her past, was in her husband's mind?"

"That would depend upon the woman's nature. If she were unduly sensitive she would imagine he was not. If it were not for the man's strength of character, as well as love, I had once accepted the fact—when he married the woman—had forgiven her freely, they might be happy, and banish the thought of that which occurred before marriage."

"But if she married him without telling him?" Helen laughed a little nervous sort of laugh, then said as she wrote in her notebook: "I am getting material, you see—copy."

"I realize that—and we must be careful not to make your story too intensely serious."

"Never mind that—Answer my question. I may not use all we say. But I am curious as to your views."

"It would be harder—harder for a man to forgive a woman who deliberately deceived him as to her past, fearing she would lose him."

"Might he not keep quiet for his sake—because she hated to hurt him?"

"That would be mistaken kindness."

"Take the woman's side, then. Suppose she had been through blasts of passion and wrong; that she felt dejected. That, even though she knew she had not always been an innocent sufferer, when she found she had happiness in her grasp, with heart and senses clamoring for what she had so terribly missed—can you blame her if she determines to forget, to hide it in the very depths of her soul the while she makes a vow to live purely?"

"I could not blame her, perhaps. I could only pity her for her lack of faith."

"You mean faith in the man who professes to love her?"

"Yes. You must remember I have no idea what your heroine did that was so dreadful that her love could not forget, even though he forgave. But your story promises to be interesting, to say the least," he added, just as Adele tapped on the door and asked, "Am I intruding?"

"No, indeed, Adele, come right in," Helen answered, glad of the interruption.

"I am just going, Adele. Helen and I have been discussing her new story. I hear you went to the party last night. Did you have a good time?"

"Perfectly wonderful. I never enjoyed myself more, although things got pretty lively before morning. But it was such fun!"

Helen's spirits sank still lower when she heard the tone in which Adele described her good time of the night before. The girl had been happy. Was it because of Blackton?

(To be continued.)

"77" FOR COLDS

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CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

YOUNG WM. LEEDS MAY MARRY PRINCESS OLGA

New York, Dec. 30.—William B. Leeds, 18-year-old son of Princess Anastasia of Greece, who many marry Princess Olga, niece of King Constantine, was left about 17,000,000 in 1908 upon the death of his father, William Eleazar Leeds, "American tipple king."

Young Leeds, son of the elder Leeds by his second wife, was taken to Europe by his mother in 1915. At the time she explained that "rich men in America grow dissipated" and she wanted to remove her son from "such influences."

Prior to that time the boy had been established in a mansion in Montclair, N. J., where he was under constant surveillance by a governess, a private detective and eighteen personal servants. He was daily in a carriage to a Montclair academy, and on Sundays attended an Episcopal church, accompanied by a troop of young servants. Daily cable messages of his whereabouts were sent to his mother, who remained abroad.

COUPLE CAST VOTES ON GOLDEN WEDDING DAY

Springfield, Mass., Dec. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Martin W. Frieble, of this city, who on their fiftieth wedding anniversary, Nov. 2, cast their votes for Senator Harding, yesterday made public a letter of thanks from the president-elect, in which he stated his pride that his father was a Civil war veteran, and as Mr. Frieble, who served with a Connecticut regiment. The couple want to the polls together. Mr. Frieble on crutches. He is 80 years old and his wife is 76. It was Mrs. Frieble's first vote.

BIGAMIST WOULD BEGIN SERVING PRISON TERM

Americus, Ga., Dec. 30.—H. C. McCoy, who makes a denial of the charge that he had married a nurse in France before his marriage to Miss P. of Fayetteville, Ala., after his discharge from the army, has asked the Georgia court of appeals to dismiss his appeal for a new trial after conviction of bigamy, so that he can begin serving his three-year sentence.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

Two amendments to our constitution have been recently made, the constitution that we Americans are supposed to cherish and respect. Many of us do not agree with one or the other of them. What then? They are there just the same. Neither has been thoroughly tried to see whether the result will be good or ill. What are we doing, we who disagree?

Some of us are resolving to be good losers and make fair trials of the new regime before we unqualifiedly condemn. Others of us are making a terrible noise and acting as do spoiled children when they are denied what seems to them good. It is a weak cause that can't subject itself to the trial of its opposite.

The National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage is laying plans for the repealing of the Eighteenth amendment. After eight years of effort the suffragists won out in the fight for the vote. To repeal it, it would now be necessary for millions of women to vote to disfranchise themselves. Does anyone believe that they will do it?

To judge by the fervor with which others are attempting to set the Eighteenth amendment at naught, the consumption of liquor would seem to be one great privilege of one's life. Economic good, the welfare of women and children, then, are as nothing weighed in the balance of personal indulgence. All the high-sounding talk about personal freedom is largely—camouflage, isn't it?

There's a certain virtue in persistency, but there's still greater virtue in being a good loser. The person who is large-minded enough to frankly declare, "Now my cause is lost. I'm willing to give yours a fair trial" is the person who wins.

For the very greatest victories are those over self.

HEALTH ADVICE

(Health questions should be sent to U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C. Give name and address for personal reply.)

Q. My little girl is six months old; at birth she weighed 7 pounds; now she weighs 16 1-2 pounds. Has she gained normally? She is a nursing baby. Should I begin to feed her occasionally? What foods? Should I continue to bathe her daily?

A. The weight of your baby is slightly above the average for an infant of this age. A child six months of age should be given no other food as long as it continues to thrive on the breast. A child of this age can have the juice of an orange about half an hour before the second nursing, daily. At 8 months it may take a little cereal gruel and after 9 months beef juice and beef tea. During the tenth month, weaning begins; especially in cool weather: by substituting cow's milk, properly diluted, for a breast feeding, gradually increasing the number of milk feedings until by the time it is 11 or 12 months of age it is entirely weaned. It may also have crackers, toast, zwieback, strained cereal and broth made from chicken, beef or mutton. The baby should be bathed every day of its life.

Puffiness Under the Eyes.

Q. What is the cause of one or both eyelids to swell and present a puffed appearance in the morning, and generally at other times to be full of fine wrinkles, when the baby is not old enough to have such wrinkles? It is always the kidneys that cause it. Would excess of the acid affect the skin of the upper eyelids and cause the puffiness and sometimes a redness?

A. The puffiness under the eyes is often an early symptom of kidney trouble, and I would suggest that the patient go at once to a qualified physician, and have a thorough examination made, including an analysis of the urine. It is possible that the trouble is purely local, but that could only be determined as a result of a medical examination.

Asthenic Bronchitis.

Q. A friend of ours has an 18 year old boy who is suffering with "asthenic bronchitis." They have moved to Los Angeles, Cal., and after three months the boy shows no improvement. A doctor has advised them to go to San Antonio, Tex., and would appreciate very much your advice on which is the best climate for a child in his condition to live in.

A. Whether Los Angeles or San Antonio is best suited to this particular child is a question to be decided by the doctor who has studied the case. Your friend is doing the best thing for her "asthenic" by seeking a suitable climate for him, but it will be necessary for her to remain in that climate long enough to get the tendency to asthenia, and this may require several years.

COOLIDGE'S DOUBLE

British M. P. Gets Along Very Nicely on \$1,400 a Year.

London.—(N. E. A.)—The Calvin Coolidge of England has been found! While many American congressmen were hinting they could use large salaries, Coolidge, vice-president-elect, snubbed them and got along nicely on his government stipend.

Now comes C. F. White, liberal, in the house of commons, with the same sort of surprise.

White not only admits he draws down enough coin—he brags about it.

White gets 40 pounds a year—at the present exchange rate about \$7,500—compared with congressmen's \$7,500. Here's how he makes it bring both ends together:

Fifty-two pounds for room and breakfast for two meals a day, for five days at the house of commons. Forty-eight pounds for incidental expenses and the price of his season ticket home. That leaves 34 pounds for his own expenses—and White says it's plenty!

DOROTHY DIX

Domestic Humor

A young wife is very much hurt and bewildered. She is married to a man whom she loves with all her heart, and who appears to be very fond of her. He prates her management of their little home. He hands her bouquets about as often as he can, and she is very much pleased. He is a very kind and considerate man, and she is very much pleased. He is a very kind and considerate man, and she is very much pleased.

Why a man should want to make the woman he loves a figure of fun, and hold her up to ridicule before a lot of trifling fools, nobody knows. There is no other torture so exquisite as being laughed at, and yet many a husband ruthlessly subjects his shrinking and sensitive wife to this cruel ordeal, for the sake of being funny.

All of us know men whose best stories center around some peculiarity in their wives. All of us have sat at dinner tables, and listened to some coarse-bred, triple-ploughed husband, with a hide like a rhinoceros, relate some alleged episode about his wife which showed her up in an idiotic light, while his poor victim looked at him with the eyes of a hurt rabbit, and tried to smile to hide the trembling of her lips and we have wished that we could get up and take the carving knife to him, instead of having to politely applaud the torture scene.

Men accuse women of having no sense of humor. Perhaps the reason of it is that women are so often called upon to furnish the point of men's jokes. There are not many of us who have such an abnormally developed sense of humor that we are tickled to death when the merry ha-ha is on ourselves.

Of course women are funny; so are men. The saddest jest of creation is human nature. There is not one of us whose eccentricities would not make a screen cartoon, especially with a little touching up here and there.

That is why any one who is cruel enough to pick out the mental or physical defects of other people and hold them up to ridicule can always get the reputation of being amusing and raise a laugh. But it is the cheapest form of wit and the most cowardly.

Perhaps if men realized how deeply they stabbed into their wives' hearts with their domestic jokes they would screen cartoon, especially with a little touching up here and there.

Apparently it does not occur to the average husband that it does not amuse his wife to hear him say that she is a burden and a killjoy to him, and that he regards himself as nothing less than a red lantern to warn other men against matrimony.

The above shows a man who thinks that his wife will do anything but chortle with mirth over the side-splitting account he gives of her as a humorless ragman, or her run-in with the janitor.

the shelves dusts them off, and starts them going again.

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MUSIC TO SUPPLANT BOOZE

Columbus, Dec. 30.—The demise of jazz music and a renaissance of good music were predicted by delegates to the National Music Teachers' association yesterday.

"Music," declared R. G. McCutcheon, secretary of the association, will give the country the emotional stimulus formerly taken by booze. A singing nation is a contented nation. Music will drown out the "hulduin" muttering of red agitators.

though he would never forgive her if she married her with his weak nesses, or set a company in a room with the veracious account of the time he bought a gold brick and fought a caddy.

Murder always depends upon whom one is asked, and the merit of a joke depends upon whom it is on.

If a woman has the ill-luck to be married to a man who thinks he is funny, and who seems to be a laugh-maker, she has only two solaces: one is, that when a man jokes his wife it is really a sign that he is fond of her and approves of her, little as it would appear to indicate. The man who is really irritated by his wife's shortcomings never laughs over them in public. He swears at them in private, and no man who is actually hen-pecked ever mentions the fact. The man who pretends to be afraid of his wife, and to be teased by her, is the one who is perfectly sure that he is the unquestioned head of his own house.

The other consolation for the wife of the domestic joker is to cultivate her sense of humor, and while she can probably never see how funny she is herself, she can get a most amusing vision of how ridiculous her husband is, trying to be a cutup.

But, as a matter of fact, a joke in the family circle is as dangerous as a bomb. When it explodes it shatters the peace and somebody always gets hurt.

A Good Word for Chamberlain's Tablets.

"I am very much pleased to have the opportunity to say a good word for Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. Mamie Bartel, Moberly, Mo. "I think it is the best thing for stomach troubles and constipation that I have ever used." The above shows a man who thinks that his wife will do anything but chortle with mirth over the side-splitting account he gives of her as a humorless ragman, or her run-in with the janitor.

SOUTH CAROLINA WOMAN TO RUN FOR JUDGESHIP

Greenville, S. C., Dec. 30.—For the first time in the state's history a South Carolina woman entered a political race for election to public office when Mrs. Pansie C. Scott, of this city, announced her candidacy for the office of county judge of abbeville to succeed her husband, Walter M. Scott.

JUSSERAND PRESIDENT

Washington, Dec. 30.—The American Historical Association, at its annual meeting here yesterday, elected Jules Jusserand, the French ambassador, as its president for the ensuing year.

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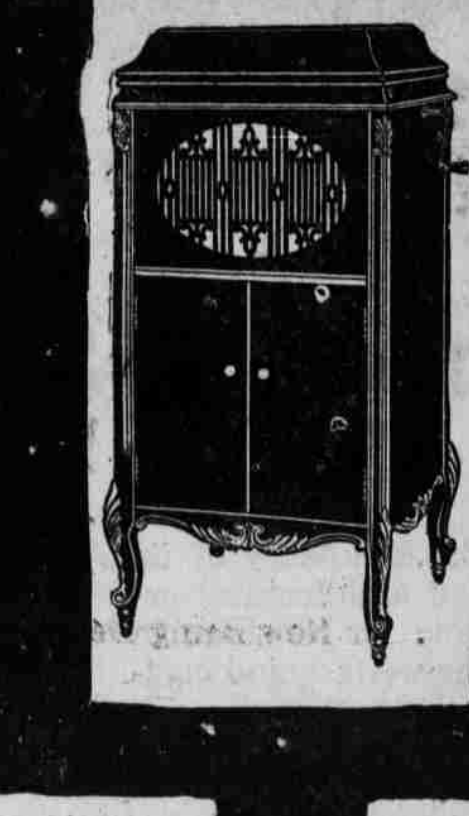
take this means of expressing to you our sincere appreciation of your patronage during the year of 1920, and wish to you all a most prosperous and happy New Year

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